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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1903.

Daily Calendar of American History

October 8.

1782—Treaty of amity and commerce between United States and Holland arranged.
1833—First serious railway accident in United States, on the Amboy and Bordentown Railway.
1851—Hudson River Railroad, between Albany and New York, opened.
1861—Gen. William T. Sherman superseded General Anderson in command in the Department of the Cumberland.
1862—Battle of Perryville, Ky.
1869—Franklin Pierce, born 1804, died at Concord, N. H.
1871—Chicago swept by flames. Forest fires in Green Bay, Wis.
1886—Melville W. Fuller sworn in as Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court.

The Flying Machine.

Much Undeserved Notoriety Forced Upon Secretary Langley.

There has been a great deal of unnecessary and not especially brilliant comment on the flying machine experiments of Mr. Langley, and he has been brought into undeserved and undesired notoriety by their failure. If his machine had been a success, of course, the notoriety would have been even greater; but in that case he would have been called a genius instead of a crank.

There is no reason to consider the ultimate construction of a flying machine an impossibiilty. If a bird can support itself in the air for many hours at a time, so can a flying machine, if the problem of combining the least possible weight with the greatest possible motive power can be solved. Until recent years this seemed out of the question, because of the difficulty of carrying fuel. Steam as a motive power is obviously impracticable for aerial navigation. Serious work on flying machine construction has been carried on only lately. Mr. Langley may or may not be the man fortunate and skillful enough to build the practicable aerial motor, but in working on this problem he is not seeking notoriety, nor is he aiming solely at what a capitalist might call practical results. He is striving to make clear the principles upon which the success of such an experiment will ultimately depend, and it may well be that some future inventor will build upon the foundation which he has laid and reap the benefits. In that case the laugh will be on his detractors.

There are sensational possibilities in the invention of a practical aerial motor. Such an invention would work a revolution in certain branches of commerce, and in the science of warfare. It is a subject so fascinating that fanciful writers of fiction have never been able to let it alone. But that is no reason for calling the man who seriously endeavors to solve so mighty a problem a mere crank.

Embalmed Beef.

Government Inspection of Meat in Coolers Imperatively Needed.

Careful housekeepers will have unpleasant emotions when they read the statements of Mr. Pfeifer, vice president of the Western Retail Butchers' Protective Association, regarding meat kept in coolers. He says that much of this meat is as unwholesome as embalmed beef, and that it is kept in the coolers oftentimes until it has mold all over it. He urges Government inspection of cold storage houses, and naively says that meat is not wholesome after it has been kept for more than a month. One would think not!

With the present unprecedented facilities in transportation of freight and distribution of food products, there is no reason why fresh meat should not be supplied to all the people who can afford it. It is more important to get wholesome meat than to get it at a saving of a cent or so on a pound, and whatever slight economy there may be in keeping the article until it is moldy is offset by the loss of health resulting from eating such stuff. The average American eats more meat than the average man of any other country except, possibly, England. The workingman of almost any Continental country would think himself rich if he could have steaks, chops or roast twice a day, as many laborers in this country do. But to eat unwholesome meat twice a day simply doubles the danger of ill health.

It is said that the extraordinary longevity and health of the Jewish people are due largely to their adherence to the laws of health laid down in the Book of Leviticus, by which they are provided with meat known to be wholesome. Government inspectors may not be as puissant as the Mossaic law, but it seems as if they ought to be able to do something to prevent the American people being fed with aged meat which has been growing whiskers of mold in the refrigerators.

John Paul Jones.

A Plan to Bring the Bones of the Hero of the Navy Here.

There has been periodical and spasmodic discussion of the fact that John Paul Jones was not buried in this country at the close of his remarkable career, but is supposed to be interred under a photograph gallery in Paris; and it has often been said that the country ought to do something about it. Secretary Moody, backed by several American historical and patriotic societies, is now really interested in securing an appropriation to bring the bones of the hero to this country and bury them in some place to be marked by a suitable monument; and it is likely that Congress will be asked for this appropriation at the coming session.

The square in which the last resting place of John Paul Jones is supposed to be can probably be bought for $150,000, but after the bones are removed the ground may be resold with but little loss of the purchase price; so that the undertaking is not quite as expensive as it seems. If recovered, they will be brought to this country on a warship, and buried with fitting ceremony.

Washington should have especial interest in this undertaking, since it is practically certain that this city will be selected for the site of the monument. Nothing could be more worthy, from the point of view of patriotic sentiment, than such action on the part of our Government. John Paul Jones made our navy. He did, perhaps, more than any other one man to make our freedom from British rule complete. Without the establishment of an efficient navy on our part, England, then in fact as in name, mistress of the seas, would have been worrying and harassing our merchant ships, keeping our coast line in terror, and interfering with our commerce, for nobody knows how long. The country has not yet forgotten the tremendous effect produced upon the powers by the news of Dewey's victory at Manila. What Dewey did for national prestige in war with Spain, John Paul Jones did a hundred years ago in war with England. In the last analysis, the fighting power of a nation depends more on its navy than on its army, since without a navy its coast line cannot be protected or its commerce made secure. John Paul Jones deserves a great deal of popular admiration which, unfortunately, he has not yet received. It is time that the children of America should be taught to include him among their heroes.

Military Bands.

Proposal to Abolish Them in France on Account of Their Cost.

A French deputy without a soul for music proposes to abolish the military bands on the score of the expense their maintenance involves. In the year 1818, he shows, only twelve musicians were allotted to each regiment. The second empire raised this number to thirty-eight. The present republic has increased it to more than sixty. There are altogether two hundred military bands in the army in time of peace. Hence 12,000 men are withdrawn from the firing line to engage in contests with wind. The average cost of each military band is estimated at $3,000 a year. It follows, therefore, that the single item of martial music involves in the French army the expenditure of the snug sum of $600,000 annually. This sum the thrifty and unmusical deputy, M. Messimy, desires to strike from the budget. He is willing that Johnnie Crapaud should march to glory to the musical rhythm of his footsteps, but he will have none of that costly noise which interprets the soul-stirring lines of, say, the "Marseillaise." He is against all this fol-de-rol. He is intensely practical. He is a utilitarian from way back.

The Messimy proposal is another indication of that tendency which has made itself felt of late years in France and elsewhere, of discarding the traditions of the past and reverting to first principles. We drew attention, not long ago, to the action of another Radical deputy, M. Richard, who welcomed the introduction of a dark blue khaki uniform in the Twenty-eighth Infantry Regiment of the line, as a return to common sense and as a recognition of the fact that fine clothes and expensive trappings do not make good soldiers. The army men of the "old school," of course were scandalized. Such innovations, they declared, would destroy the morale of the army. They would injure the prestige of the service. "No soldier," exclaimed one exasperated old general, "can ever be proud of such a grotesque dress, without grace, beauty, or panache." "It lacks dignity," declared another. But above this chorus of discontent rose clear a note of practical common sense, which proclaimed that the new uniform was "comfortable, serviceable, and humane."

We haven't the space, even if we had the inclination, here to discuss at length the merits of M. Messimy's proposal. A great deal, no doubt, is to be said in favor of everything that tends to add dignity, and, we might also add, exclusiveness—exclusiveness in the sense of distinction—to the profession of arms. Everything that strengthens tradition, that contributes to raise the esprit de corps, that increases the feeling of pride which the soldier should have in his calling, has, in our opinion, a justification not only for existing, but should also, we think, be sedulously encouraged. The absence of a distinctive regimental uniform in our own service has frequently struck us as a drawback, though it also has its very decided advantages.

When we come to the abolishing of military bands, however, we think reformers go too far. Nothing inculcates in the average soldier the lessons of patriotism so rapidly or so effectively as the strain of a patriotic air. Nothing inspires him as much in time of action as the sound of fifes and drum. Nothing resigns him to the trials and tribulations of military life in times of peace so readily as the daily concert on the parade ground.

If we were to take M. Messimy's advice, abolish music and design the uniform in times of peace on strict principles of utilitarianism and otherwise reduce the soldier to what some people think he ought to be—a fighting machine, and nothing else—we should soon make out of our soldiers what the Chinese have made of theirs, the lowest and most despised of human beings in the social scale. Don't let us discard the refining influence of music!

An adventurous correspondent says that when Mr. Payne was confronted with certain new troubles, in a recent interview with President Roosevelt, he burst into tears. This information is miserably inadequate. We all want to know what the President did while Mr. Payne was crying.

The "Florodora Six" may not be honored with statues in the public parks, but they have had more fun out of their fame than some of the heroes of history.

A clergyman in Racine, Wis., did not like to have "Ave Maria" sung in his church, and stopped the singer in the middle of it. Some of his people think he could have shown his Christian principle just as well by letting her finish and telling her she must not do it again.

Edward Atkinson says that in case of need mud can be used for fuel. This will make the philanthropic coal trust feel better about keeping up prices.

Even an obituary notice is hardly the proper place for a specimen of English found in the columns of a Baltimore paper. The bereaved family laments:

If it had only been me instead of thee, how happy I'd be.

Moreover the subject of the poem died ten years ago.

If John Temple Graves' deportation scheme is ever made to work, the country would feel relieved if he would go along and superintend its workings.

An indignant citizen wishes to know why a person is not allowed to leave a book at the Carnegie Library because it was not brought back before 8 o'clock. This inquiry will be turned over to the Puzzle Editor.

It is said that the trusts would like to nominate Senator Fairbanks for Vice President, as a check on Roosevelt. If Senator Fairbanks is wise he will consult some of those Secret Service men who have been tracking the President, and see if he thinks his constitution will stand the experience.

Flower missions and other reform movements in New York politics are all very well, but the rubber plant is about the only exotic which typifies a successful reform there at present.

Mr. Christiano has settled his suit against Ernest Thompson Seton, and is now in a position to write something about "Wild Naturalists I Have Known."

Senator Platt's political antagonists should not count too much on his overlooking any move of theirs, simply because he is in the honeymoon state.

Mr. Balfour is finding that it is hard to construct a cabinet without any timber.

The People's Forum.

That "Side-Light on the Tillman Case."

To the Editor of The Washington Times:

I have read with much profitable interest your well-conceived editorial of yesterday on your brother editor's effort under the head of "A Side-light on the Tillman Case," and must congratulate you on your effective extinction of that light. You well characterize as "an amazing argument" the proposition that, because it is customary in South Carolina for men when abused to resent the abuse by violence, the abuser should arm himself, and the abused may thereupon kill the abuser, who, on the hypothesis of the argument, will have armed himself not to make but to repel an attack.

Put into logical form, the argument runs thus: A abuses B, knowing, as he should, that his abuse will provoke B's anger and probably impel B to arm himself for an attack; whereupon A naturally arms himself for his defense; wherefore B will quite as naturally shoot him.

Apart from the striking cleverness of this argument, what is to be said of its application to the Tillman case, seeing that the very first thing his lawyers have thought proper to do is to put upon the stand a lady to testify that Gonzales never considered Tillman a brave man; that he, Gonzales, had twice made Tillman play the coward, and that Tillman's only known form of resentment toward Gonzales took the shape of an offer of a cigar?

As the press dispatches do not tell us what kind of a cigar it was, the extent of Tillman's resentment cannot be properly estimated at this distance; but it is an undoubted contribution to the accomplishments of the legal profession to start out with the proposition that Gonzales knew that Tillman had a gun to shoot him, and to clinch the force of this by proving that from a former experience he had only to expect from Tillman a poke with a perfecto.

Of a truth, in the multitude of counselors—in this instance eleven in number—there is wisdom. LAYMAN.

Washington, October 6.

Concerning Two Editorials

To the Editor of The Washington Times:

In The Times of the 3d inst. are two editorials of much more than passing interest, the one "A Costly Farce," the other "Science and Economics."

The one was a statement of facts so disgraceful that the reading of it should send the hot blood of shame to the cheeks of every American citizen having in the heart a semblance of truth and justice such as was born of American independence in the conduct of national affairs.

In the other, if for the name Chamberlain were substituted that of one American more in the eyes of the world today than any man living—a man of special destiny and who, when acting in his quick, impulsive way, untrammeled by party expediency, is truth and justice personified in behalf of the whole people—is found the name of one who will lift us out of this distressing state of things politically.

M. M.

Washington, October 7.

In a Lighter Vein.

Barbara's Indignation.

"Who touches a hair of your gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said."
Then Barbara Frietchie, glaring down,
Cried out: "How dare you? My hair is brown."
—Philadelphia Press.

Liberal Time Allowance.

"What time did that young man leave last night, Jane?"

"About 11 o'clock, papa."

"It seemed later than that."

"It might have been a little later; but it wasn't his fault. You see, I gave him a liberal time allowance."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Positive and Negative Pleasure.

Wife—I wish we had a nice large country place where I could give a garden party.

Husband—Just for the pleasure of inviting some of your friend, eh?

"Well, yes, and the pleasure of not inviting some."—Modern Society.

An Assured Future.

"How did Bolivar's Get-Rich-Quick scheme pan out?"

"Very well. Bolivar doesn't have to worry about ways and means now."

"Really? Where is he living?"

"Third tier, Sing Sing. Ten years' lease."—New York Times.

Political Expectations.

"Oh, I am the man for the place," said he.
"You can tell by a look in my face," said he,
"That I am the man
To be boss of the clan,
And I'm certain to win in the race," said he.

"The others are not in my class," said he.
"I'm sorry for them, but alas!" said he,
"They'll have to admit
That we can all be it,
And I am the one who can pass," said he.

"Now why in the world did I run?" said he.
(The voting was over and done, you see.)
"I thought, I'd be first,
But the thing was reversed,
And I was the hindermost one, by gee!"
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Great Saving.

Smith—Don't you consider the printing of the "Congressional Record" an unnecessary waste of money?

Jones—On the contrary, I think it is a great saving. If all the speeches that are printed in the "Record" were spoken at the Capitol we should have Congress sitting all the year round, including nights and Sundays.—Boston Transcript.

Conflicting Evidence.

"Is it not a fact," said the lecturer, warming with his subject, "that owing to the effeminacy of our modern ways of living our men are becoming physically smaller and smaller every year?"

"Yes!" responded a hatter in the audience.

"No!" shouted several shoemakers.—Chicago Tribune.

Quick at Figures.

"The manager says he engaged the forty chorus girls in twenty minutes."

"Gracious, but he's quick at figures."—Town Topics.

A Solace.

How I should love to write a play,
A learned kind of Ibsen thing;
Then hear the gushing critics say,
"At length of genius we can sing."
My rivals all would be appalled,
Connecting me with crime and vice,
As they beheld me nightly, called
Before the curtain once or twice.

Again I'd like to write a book,
One that earned universal praise,
Which quite as generally took
As "Trilby" in the olden days,
So that the people might assert,
With accents rapturous, sublime,
Of how all records had been hurt,
If I had lived in Thackeray's time.

A grandiose opera I'd score,
To make the Wagnerites all stand
In frenzy, till they sought my gore,
Then came and joined me in a band;
For Wagnerites are crazy folk,
And oft, too, frequently have fussed,
But then the truth should eke be spoke,
I should compel them to be just.

ENVOI.

Then I, at last, should be a saint,
An angel of superior kind,
Without a single earthly taint,
And haloed largely, so you'd find—
But that's the thing, it seems to me,
I now have any chance to be.
—C. F. R.

Courts and Capitals of the Old World

By THE MARQUISE DE FONTENOY.

Irish Peer Has Advantage.

Peers are so strictly debarred from taking any part in elections to the house of commons that the action of the Earl of Darnley in participating in the parliamentary contest of Rochester, where he presided at several of the meetings held in favor of one of the candidates, has excited a great deal of comment and criticism. The latter, however, is unjustifiable. For Lord Darnley, although an earl and entitled to all the prerogatives of a peer, is not a peer of parliament in the technical sense. His earldom is an Irish one, and as he is not one of the twenty-eight representative peers of the Emerald Isle, he is eligible for election to the house of commons.

This is an advantage which Irish peers possess over the peers of Scotland, who are barred from the house of commons, and it may be remembered that the late Viscount Palmerston, knight of the garter, and for so many years prime minister of England, sat all his life long in the house of commons. Another Irish peer who is in the lower house is Viscount Valentia, while Lord Curzon, when given a peerage, particularly asked that it should be an Irish one in order to enable him on his return from India to remain in the house of commons until the death of his father, Lord Scarsdale.

Cobham Hall, the ancestral country seat of Lord Darnley, is situated in a country rich in Dickens association, the Leather Bottle Inn to which "Mr. Tracy Tupman" retired for the purpose of self-destruction, and where he was discovered not dead, but discussing a fine bottle of port wine by his friend "Pickwick," being just outside the park wall. I should add that Lord Darnley, prior to his accession to the earldom, achieved much fame as a cricketer under the name of the Hon. Ivo Bligh, and that he is not a descendant of the Earl Darnley who was husband of Mary Queen of Scots, but from a man of the name of Bligh, who made a large fortune out of the transfers of land under the Cromwellian forfeitures.

Edward at Newstead Abbey.

While at Buffort Abbey the other day for the Doncaster races King Edward drove over to Newstead Abbey, now the country seat of General Sir Herbert Chermside, who, probably because he is one of the finest Turkish and Arabic scholars in the world, possessing an unrivaled knowledge of the Ottoman empire, acquired during twenty consecutive years spent as consul general in Armenia, military attache at Constantinople, and British delegate in Syria and in Crete, has been sent out to Australia as governor of Queensland.

Newstead Abbey, which was originally built as a monastery by King Henry II, in expiation of the murder of Thomas a Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, will be remembered as having belonged to the poet Lord Byron, and it figures in many of the latter's verses, notably in "Childe Harold." According to local tradition it has been doubly burdened with a curse. For not only had it been taken by force at the time of the Reformation from its monastic owners, who were subjected to the utmost cruelty and savagery, but an additional blight was brought upon the place by an act of desecration perpetrated by the fifth and "wicked" Lord Byron. The latter happened in the course of some building operations to come upon the remains of one of the old-time abbots of Newstead. He permitted the bones to be reinterred, but had the skull converted into a drinking cup, which he used for carousing. He scoffed at the idea of any misfortune resulting therefrom, but lived to see his son and grandson die in quick succession by violence.

It was in this way that the abbey passed into the hands of the poet, a distant relative. The latter died, as everyone knows, without male issue, leaving only a daughter, and the seventh Lord Byron was again a distant cousin, who was obliged to get rid of Newstead Abbey by sale to a Colonel Wildman, who, meeting with misfortune, besides losing his only son, disposed of it to the late William Frederick Webb.

Byron's Cup Interred.

The latter shortly after becoming master of Newstead Abbey, discovered, by mere chance, in a second-hand shop in Bedford Street, Covent Garden, the gruesome drinking bowl of the fifth and wicked Lord Byron, the silver-mounted skull of the old abbot. He at once purchased it, and caused it to be reverently reburied within the abbey precincts. It was after this that his son was born. But so alarmed was he lest any harm should befall this son that he declined to leave him Newstead Abbey, making other generous provision for him, and leaving the place not to his eldest daughter, Miss Webb, who acted as King Edward's cicerone the other day, but to her youngest sister, married to General Sir Herbert Chermside, whose union, has, I believe, until now remained without issue.

Among the features of the place of Newstead Abbey, and which more especially attracted the attention of the King, was the magnificent tomb in which "Boatswain," the favorite dog of the poet, Lord Byron, is buried. The tomb had been built by the peer for his own remains. But when his faithful dog, that "Phoenix of canine quadrupeds," and that possessor of "all the virtues of man, without his vices," died on November 18, 1818, his grief-stricken master and friend gave directions that he "is to be buried in the vault waiting for myself."

"Rotten Rows" of Britain.

Rotten Row, the celebrated ride in Hyde Park, which for so many generations has been the trysting place of London society at certain hours of the day, is by no means the only road or track known by that name in the United Kingdom. There are scores of Rotten Rows, indeed, south of the Tweed, particularly in Yorkshire, and hundreds of them in Scotland. Among the most notable is the one in Glasgow, which may be described as one of the sleepiest and most commonplace thoroughfares of that city, but which has been known by that name ever since the year 1283, when it was described in the contemporary records as "Ratonraw," while at the time of the Reformation five of the canons of Glasgow Cathedral occupied "ludgings" in the street called the "Rotten Row."

The Rotten Row of Glasgow, as well as those in the ancient burghs of Montrose, Dunfermline, Aberdeen, and elsewhere in Scotland, all of them derived their name from the fact that they had originally constituted the mustering ground for the soldiers. The old word "Roteran," or "to muster," still survives today in the form of "roster," and in the Middle Ages a file of six or twelve soldiers was known as a "rot."

Muster Ground for "Rots."

Scotch antiquarians are agreed that the Rotten Rows now in existence north of the Tweed owe their name to their having been used as the muster ground of the "rots" or squads of city and town soldiery, and as Rotten Row in Hyde Park was put to a similar use in the days of Oliver Cromwell, who ordained that nine "rots" of pikes and twelve "rots" of muskets should constitute one company, it is evident that the famous ride is indebted for its name to the same derivation as the Rotten Rows in Scotland, and that no further account must be taken of the legend, according to which the Rotten Row in the British metropolis is indebted for its name to an English corruption of the French words "route du roi," or "roadway of the king."

Popular belief in this mythical derivation has been, to a great extent, confirmed by the fact that since the days of the Stuart kings, no one has been allowed to drive down Rotten Row in Hyde Park, except the sovereign and the Duke of St. Albans, as hereditary lord high falconer. None of the Dukes of St. Albans, so far as I can recall, have ever made use of the privilege. But Queen Victoria, whenever she traversed Hyde Park on her way between Buckingham Palace and the Great Western Railroad terminus, where she took the train for Windsor, always made a point of driving down Rotten Row, which is otherwise severely restricted to equestrians.

The Ascent of Man.

[From an article by Dr. Woods Hutchinson, in "The Contemporary Review," we gather that everything a child does is right. "No instinct," he tells us, "for that which is seriously injurious can develop." Moreover, the child passes through all the stages of evolution: "he is born not an Anglo-Saxon, but a Cavelweller," etc.]

The nursery is but a stage
Wherein the eye may scan,
Minutely mirrored, every age
In the ascent of man.
Each babe plays many parts, and we
In this small institution
May read in brief epitome
The tale of evolution.

So, nursemaids, when your charges play,
Give o'er your ancient wont,
Nor say, as you of old would say,
"Whate'er you're doing, don't!"
They simply follow Nature, who
Should best know how to guide them;
Then whatsoever they may do,
Forbear, forbear to chide them.

When Edward, crawling on the floor,
Invades the eight-day clock,
Pray, do not spank him any more
For dirtying his frock.
He is a little troglodyte,
As were our sires before us,
Who vanished when there hove in sight
The grim ichthyosaurus.

When, aetat. four, with savage joy
The hunter's art he plies
Upon the panes, don't scold the boy
For torturing the flies.
He has but reached the second scene
When men were all the scions
Of mighty Nimrod, and were keen
On slaying bears and lions.

At six, ambitious Edward yearns
A pirate king to be;
The table into ships he turns,
And sails the fireside sea.
Then if the things are smashed to bits,
Don't give the boy a licking;
He's reached a further phase, and it's
The aeon of the Viking.

A little, and the pirate bold
A patriot becomes;
He fights the rascal imps who hold
In force the neighboring slums.
Pray don't repress his noble rage,
E'en though his nose be gory;
He is but passing through the age
Of good Queen Bess' glory.

Last scene of all that ends this slight
But most eventful play
Is symbol of the lofty height
Achieved by man today.
At ten can Edward understand
What money means; he's willing
To be a saint for sixpence, and
An angel for a shilling.
—Punch.

Out of the Mouths of Babes.

Teacher—Tommy, can you tell me what the son of a king and queen is called?

Tommy—Yes, ma'am; the Jack.

"Johnny," said a father to his greedy offspring, "you are like a pig. Do you know what a pig is?"

"Yes, sir," answered Johnny. "A pig is a hog's little boy."

A small miss, being asked at the close of her first day at school how she liked the teacher, replied: "Oh, pretty well. She reminds me of mamma; she's so awfully saucy."

Little Elmer—Say, Uncle Bob, what makes you walk lame?

Uncle Bob—There was a street car accident today and I got caught in the jam.

Little Elmer—Well, I know how that is. Mamma caught me in the jam one time and I walked lame for a week.
—Minneapolis Tribune.

Reflections of a Bachelor.

Lending money is discounting friendship for cash.

A woman's idea of the place to carry her money is on her back.

When a man thinks of the money he could spend if he weren't married Croesus looks to him like a pauper.

When a woman is really happy is when she goes up in the attic on a rainy day and cries over a trunkful of old letters.

The dentist who could invent a way to let a woman go on talking while he was drilling her teeth would make ten thousand fortunes.
—New York Press.

Political Gossip Here and There

Cabinet Orators.

Some one out in Ohio has sent a hurry call to Washington for help in the way of campaign orators, and the President has responded by suggesting to several members of the Cabinet that they go there and help elect the men who are to re-elect Senator Hanna, and to make Myron T. Herrick governor. Word has been received here that the victory of Herrick may not be such an easy one after all, as Tom Johnson is making a hard and well-sustained campaign. There is no doubt in any faction of the party that Senator Hanna is going to be returned, though his rival, Clarke, is making a lively campaign. Secretary Shaw is the member of the Cabinet who has been selected to do the speechmaking for the Senator. The Secretary is to depart for the scene of the war this evening. He goes to Akron. He is to remain in the Buckeye State ten days.

Hope in Kentucky.

According to advices received in Washington, the Republicans still entertain hopes of carrying the State of Kentucky at the coming election. The leaders are of the opinion that the people are tired of Beckham and Democrats generally. They also point to the continued deflection of many of the prominent men of the party, who have had little to do with the campaigns since the assassination of Goebel. They say the party is split, and there is no doubt as to the truth of this statement. On the other hand the Republicans are united, and announce that should they get all the help they want from the national leaders they can win. It is in answer to an appeal of this kind sent to Washington that Secretary Shaw has decided to stop over in Kentucky and deliver several addresses. His principal ones are to be delivered at Louisville, Lexington, and Owensboro. When these engagements are completed he is to go to Iowa, and take part in the campaign there.

Financial Legislation.

It is now said the President intends to make some recommendations concerning financial legislation in his message to Congress when that body meets in regular session. Just what the recommendations are the President has declined to intimate to even his personal friends. It is pretty well known, however, that his views are that some sort of amendments to the present laws should be passed. Among his visitors yesterday was Representative Hill, of Connecticut, who had a conference with him on the subject. The Representative suggested that the President appoint a commission to study the matter. This suggestion was new to the President, but he did not say what action he would take in the matter. However, there are a number of his advisers who favor turning the question over to such a commission, and there is a chance that it may be done.

Not in Politics.

There are those who think that Sir Thomas Lipton should be elected to either the House of Representatives or the Senate of the United States, and others who believe he belongs in the cabinet of Great Britain. These friends of the plucky yachtsman have been making statements, and the rumors have gone abroad, that Sir Thomas is going to become a British statesman. So widespread have these reports become that the Irish knight has had to deny them. He said yesterday to a correspondent:

"It's all very fine to be a politician; but I am not. I have no desire to enter the British cabinet. I have no pronounced views on public questions, except I am a free trader."

Prohibition Promises.

The Prohibitionists of Rhode Island have held a convention at Providence, and have gone through the motions of nominating candidates, adopting a platform and resolutions. In addition to others, they passed one resolution which is certainly hard on the American saloon. This, in part, reads:

"Should the voters of the State put the Prohibition party in power, it would close up all saloons. It would need no police commission, and very little change in the present constabulary.

"If America is to have success in inculcating principles of equality, freedom and justice among the people in its dependencies, it must part company with the American saloon, which now is fostered in all its outlying possessions."

In New York City.

The ax has fallen and Grout and Fornes are no longer candidates for the comptrollership and the presidency of the board of aldermen, respectively, on the Fusion ticket in New York. They have been ousted, as they declined to get off the ticket when it was hinted that they were no longer wanted. As predicted, F. W. Hinrich, of Brooklyn, and E. J. McGuire, of Manhattan, have been nominated in their places. This action was taken at the Citizens' Union convention, which was held last night in Cooper Union, New York.

The Drift of Public Opinion.

Atlanta Constitution: A negro preacher in a Michigan town has been unanimously refused a house to live in. It was good, old-fashioned underground railway Republicans who told him to "scat!"

New York Sun: It isn't likely that Lord Curzon would accept the British embassy at Washington. Wide as are the avenues of the City of Magnificent Distances, they would not furnish room for the head of the present viceroy of India.

Indianapolis Sentinel: The concert of the powers is nowadays making music about as harmonious and inspiring as that of a second-hand street piano playing "Hiawatha."

Nashville Banner: No liquor will be sold in the Capitol at the coming session of Congress, but some of the able members will doubtless manage in some way to fortify themselves against the chill of the ice water.

Philadelphia North American: Japan could probably beat Russia on the plan of the fleet-footed hunter who brought the bear into camp.